

Titan King 51

Chapter 51: This weapon is a gift for you

Blackstone Tribe, Inside the Tent.

After reading Arthas's reply, a smirk crept across Orion's face. In this round of negotiation, he felt like he had finally gained the upper hand. However, even with the advantage, Orion knew that acquiring the [Ghostbone Armor] would still require a significant trade.

Orion narrowed his eyes, staring at the two items he had listed: a B-grade crystal core and a firestone. The crystal core was valuable, but not enough to make Arthas part with the Ghostbone Armor. Orion was well aware of that.

This meant that the real prize Arthas was after was the firestone.

In other words, the firestone was far more valuable than Orion had initially thought—at least, to Arthas.

Orion glanced at the few remaining firestones in his Bagbird's stomach pouch and thought about the mine currently being excavated by the troglodytes. Slowly, his eyes lit up with realization.

It seemed that in his dealings with Arthas, Orion had stumbled upon a potential goldmine. Trading firestones for basic survival goods was a waste. These stones likely had far greater uses!

Finally, Orion took out the smallest firestone from his Bagbird's pouch, weighing about 10 pounds, and listed it on the Survivor Platform. After completing the listing, he sent a message to Arthas.

"Take a look at what I've just listed. That's my last stock. If you're interested, let's make a deal."

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

Arthas stared at the newly listed firestone, his heart skipping a beat.

"Another firestone?"

"Hulk must have gotten lucky and found a firestone mine or vein, right?"

"This guy..."

In the end, Arthas initiated the trade, acquiring both firestones and the B-grade crystal core from Orion.

After the trade was completed, Arthas sent another message to Orion.

"We've done two successful trades now. Let's be friends! In the future, if you have anything to sell, come to me first. I'll offer you a price that's never below market value!"

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Orion couldn't help but roll his eyes at the mention of "market value." The Survivor Platform was mostly based on bartering, with no real market prices—everything was about mutual need.

Still, Orion didn't mind accepting the friendly gesture, especially since it cost him nothing.

"Sure, let's be friends!" Orion replied. "By the way, I've been looking for a giant sword. My good friend Arthas, do you think you could help me out?"

Orion was mostly joking when he sent the message, trying to keep the conversation light and avoid sounding too dry.

To his surprise, five minutes later, Arthas initiated another trade, sending over an elite-grade bone greatsword.

"This weapon is a gift for you!"

Orion stared at the bone greatsword in disbelief.

Did I just get a weapon that easily?

All I did was ask!

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"Are you serious?" Orion finally replied, expressing his gratitude.

Arthas's response came quickly, and he didn't seem to think much of the gift.

"No need to thank me. Just remember to come to me first when you have something valuable to sell!"

Necro Realm, Bone Throne.

Arthas had casually given Orion an elite-grade greatsword, treating it like a freebie. In his vast inventory, weapons of this level were so numerous that they were practically worthless to him.

These were the spoils Arthas had accumulated over the years, from the time he was a lowly ghost to his current status as an undead lord. To Arthas, such items were nothing more than junk.

The elite-grade greatsword was merely a standard weapon for equipping his skeletal warlords.

There's a saying: You work hard your whole life to achieve success, only to find that someone else is already sitting at the top, sipping coffee.

This perfectly described Orion's situation—unaware of just how insignificant the gift was to Arthas.

After the trade, Orion was in an exceptionally good mood.

Inside the tent, after thoroughly exhausting Lilith with his cock, the only sounds left were their heavy breathing.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Outside the tent, the beast skins sewn into the tent's surface flapped loudly in the wind, the sound persistent and unrelenting.

"It's the cold wind. Winter is here!" Lilith lifted her head from Orion's chest, her rose-colored eyes glazed with a dreamy, intoxicated look. "Making love with Orion is truly a pleasure," she thought. "She absolutely adores the delightful sensation of being completely filled."

Orion pulled Lilith closer by the waist, curiosity sparking in his mind.

"How do succubi survive the winter?"

Lilith kissed Orion's nipple, then propped her chin on her hands, lying naked on his chest. Her voice took on a nostalgic tone as she answered.

"Every winter, the succubi return to the palace, close the gates, and hide from the cold."

"During this time, we also mate and reproduce the next generation."

"But when the cold is at its worst, we take up arms and prepare for the dangers of the dark beast tides."

"..."

As Lilith spoke, Orion suddenly asked, "Do you know much about the dark beast tides?"

Lilith shook her head, then nodded, before finally saying, "No one really knows how the dark beast tides start, but they always bring hordes of dark creatures with them."

"When the dark creatures arrive, weaker races are slaughtered."

"Or rather, they're devoured."

"For the dark creatures, the tribes of the Black Forest are nothing more than food—precious food."

"Orion... we have to survive!"

Lilith seemed to recall some unpleasant memories, and she fell silent, resting her head on Orion's chest.

Orion gently patted her back.

"Master, I've heard from my people that killing dark creatures and extracting the dark source crystals from their bodies can greatly increase the chances of advancing!"

From beneath a pile of furs, Lysinthia suddenly poked her head out, adding to Lilith's explanation with a piece of news that made Orion's heart race with excitement.

"Lysinthia, what did you just say?" Orion reached out with his left hand and pulled Lysinthia out from under the furs.

Lysinthia was also naked from the waist up. Though her breasts weren't as large as Lilith's, they were still incredibly alluring. Her lower half, a pale purple snake tail, swayed lazily, giving her an exotic charm.

"Master, I've heard my people say that while the dark beast tides are a disaster, many warriors from the Venomfang Tribe of the serpentfolk try to fight the dark creatures and consume their dark source crystals, hoping to advance to Medusa."

Orion stared at Lysinthia, confirming that she was telling the truth, before turning to Lilith.

Lilith shook her head, then thought for a moment before saying, "Most of the tribes in the Black Forest can only defend themselves. Very few actively hunt dark creatures."

"Orion, maybe you should ask the chieftain and the other elders."

Orion nodded, pulling the little Lysinthia into his arms. The three of them fell asleep together.

Lilith, exhausted, quickly drifted off, while Lysinthia coiled her tail around Orion's cock, giving her master a special kind of massage.

This method of massage was incredibly relaxing for Orion, helping him fall asleep with ease.